MUSIDORUS:

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A

POEM

Sacred to the MEMORY of

Mr. JAMES THOMSON.

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——— *Dignum laude Virum*
Musa vetat mori. HOR.

LONDON:

[illegible] for R. GRIFFITHS, at the *Dunciad*, in *Ludgate-ſtreet*.

(Price One Shilling.)

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POEM.

FROM lighter Strains, to ſing the tragic Theme,
Awake my Muſe! while Nature lends her Aid,
Inſpires my Boſom, animates the Lay,
And calls forth Fancy from her airy Seat,

To wing the ſacred Flight. Shall he remain
Unſung, whoſe own immortal Lays could pile
Triumphal Arches, and for Merit wreathe
Eternal Laurels? Shall the gen'rous Bard
Shake off the Bonds of Senſe, and upwards mount
Beyond this little Scene, and not receive
The weeping Tribute of a grateful Muſe?

O could the Muſe catch the poetic Flame,
Which glows celeſtial in the ſacred Page,
Where *Newton*'s* Glories to th'aſtoniſh'd Eye
Unbounded ſhine! then might ſhe hope to raiſe
A Monument immortal as his Name.

* See his Poem ſacred to the Memory of Sir *Iſaac Newton*.

But where begin to ſing the mighty Theme?
How utter half his Praiſe? ye Sons of Verſe,
Who from this Fountain drew poetic Life,
Sing loud his Merit! ye who climb the Paths,
Which guide to Glory and with ſoaring Wing
Aſcend the Muſe's Hill, can ye remain
Silent, while yet the dear Remembrance ſwells
Your grateful Boſoms? Say what noble Grace,
What Virtue was not his? Supremely bleſs'd
With laviſh Nature's Gifts, how did he range
Thro' all her Wilds, and to the wond'ring Mind
Diſplay the rolling Year? the verdant Spring,
Clad in her flow'ry Pride, profuſe of Charms,
Smiles from the lucid South; while Nature all
Starts up to Life, and owns her genial Power,
Blooms in her rich Array, and ſhoots profuſe

Her

Her vegetable Store: The fragrant Plain
Deck'd in her Beauties, opens all her Sweets,
And big with Bleſſings chears the Heart of Man.

The blooming Spring averts her Virgin Face,
When Summer comes; with ſultry Pace he comes,
And beams in Glory, o'er the fervid Globe.
His plaſtic Rays, all ripening Nature feels,
And glows in youthful Pride; diffuſive Showers,
Refreſh the arid Glebe, or from the Cloud
Deep-blackning, the impetuous Torrent pours;
Or dreadful burſt the Magazines of Hail; *in Summer.*
Athwart the Sky the forked Lightnings flaſh,
In horrid Pomp, and the hoarſe Thunder roars,
Tremendous roars, and awes the frighted World.

But

But lo the changing Scene: Autumn appears,
Array'd in yellow Pomp; the Orchard bends
With fragrant Fruitage, bluſhing midſt the Leaves
And grateful to the Taſte; the Harveſt waves
O'er all the fertile Field; the Farmer's Heart
Exulting leaps, as o'er the nodding Plain,
He throws his joyous Eyes, while Induſtry
Now graſps the Sickle, and innur'd to Toil
With buſy Hand concludes the ruſtling Scene.

But ſcarce has Autumn, pour'd her fruitful Boon
Luxuriant forth, and ſwell'd the Farmer's Store;
Till from the low'ring Eaſt, in ſtormy Rage,
The Winter roars, and all his gloomy Train

Sweep

Sweeps o'er the trembling Year. The hoary Frost
Rears his congealing Head, while oft the Snow
Descends in fleecy pomp. The changing Scenes
Which deck the Seasons; the revolving Year,
Both when she blooms, and when in wintry time
She darts her Horrors o'er the shivering World,
Drest in her Glories, stands disclos'd by him.

His Genius boundless rang'd thro' all the Tracts
Of wid'ning Nature; to his piercing Eye,
The Sun effulgent open'd all his Stores
Of Light immense, which, with the borrow'd Rays
Night's glimmering Queen transmits, for ever
shine
With heav'nly Splendor in his solemn Song.

Free-

Freedom divine, which in the Patriot's Soul
Glows fervid *, he with gen'rous Vigor breath'd,
And ſung the mighty Theme. Immortal *Rome*,
Where Freedom once tremendous held her Reign,
And ſhook her Terrors, o'er the yielding World;
Where bleeding Heroes ſtemm'd the ruſhing Tide
Of dreadful Ruin, and with Glory lay
Stretch'd on the Plains of Conqueſt, while the State,
O'er trembling Nations ſpread her awful Wings
Imperial; ſhe, in his pathetic Song,
Shines ſtill rever'd, and thro' the Boſom darts
The Patriot Ray, while oft with manly Rage,

* See his Poem on *Liberty*.

The kindling Breaſt, breaths forth the gen'rous
Fire.
Nor ſtops his Muſe, but thro' contending *Greece*,
Purſues her ample Range, and ſhews the State
In all her Terrors dreſt, when Freedom pour'd
Her martial Sons profuſely o'er the Field,
To check th'exulting Eaſt, when dreadful ſwept
The *Perſian* Lord, while in his num'rous Train
Collected Nations roll'd. How Freedom rous'd
Theſe Sons of Greatneſs, to ſuſtain the Shocks
Of gathering Armies, he in martial Strains,
Preſented, vivid to th' aſtoniſh'd Eye.

Britannia's Glory in his ſacred Page,
Breaks forth illuſtrious ; all the Sons of Fame
Whoſe dauntleſs Souls, ſuperior to the Shocks
Of wayward Fortune, urg'd their gen'rous Courſe,
Embalm'd forever, dazzle in his Song.
He traced the Riſings of the warlike State,
How oft inflam'd the madding Nation jarr'd,
In dire Combuſtion, and inteſtine Rage,
O'erwhelm'd the harraſs'd Land, while Freedom wing'd
Her ſacred Flight, and left the drooping Iſle
To wail her ſad Remove, till *William* roſe,
To waft her backwards from the *Belgic* Shore.

* See his Poem conſecrated to the Memory of Lord Ra[illegible].

Nor ſtoop'd his Muſe, beneath the mighty Weight
Of *Talbot*'s Virtues; the enchanting Flow
Of Eloquence divine, which from his Lips,
In ſweet Profuſion ſtream'd, ſtrait charm'd the Soul,
And pour'd Perſuaſion round th'aſtoniſh'd Throng.
Theſe all are his—and more. The glowing Heart
Which graſps the human kind, the tender Throb
Which weeps the Woes of Man, the lib'ral Hand
Which ſtrews profuſe its glad'ning Bounties round.
Nor can his gen'rous Deeds, by ruthleſs Time
Be e'er effaced, ſince dreſt in *Thomſon*'s Lays
They charm immortal; In his Portrait fair

* See his Poem conſecrated to the Memory of Lord *Talbot*.

The finiſh'd Stateſman ſhines, the Patriot glows,
And every Virtue opens to the View,
But ſay! ye Virgins from whoſe tender Breaſts,
He drew the heaving Sigh, while graceful down
Your Cheeks, warm bluſhing fell the ſtarting Tears,
In pearly Sorrow, as with gen'rous Rage,
His SOPHONISBA * drinks th'impoiſon'd Cup
And dies undaunted in the noble Cauſe
Of bleeding *Carthage*. All ye lovely Train,
Do ye not mourn him, and your ſmarting Breaſts,
Feel agonizing Throws? your Bard no more
Can charm your Ears, nor in your Boſoms pour
His ſoft Inſtructions, while with nameleſs Art,
He led you Captive thro' the Maze of Love,

* A Tragedy of that Title by Mr. *Thomſon*.

And

And with enchanting Numbers ſwell'd your Souls.
Oft have your Breaſts with ſweet Emotions heav'd,
As oft ye turn'd his nature-painting Page,
And drank the Draughts of Love, your every Nerve
With Trepidation ſeiz'd, confeſs'd the Flame,
High-kindling in your Souls, as thro' your Veins
The ſhivering Tranſport ran; nor did his Muſe
E'er paint a guilty Scene, but nobly pure,
Preſented Virtue in her lovely Robes
Of Innocence and Peace: By him ſhe charm'd,
And reign'd triumphant o'er the yielding Heart.

But as with him, the tragic Muſe has wing'd
Her airy Flight, and left the drooping Iſle,
Long to bemoan her *Thomſon*, now no more

* A Tragedy of that Title by Mr. Thomſon.

The

The Genius of the Stage, ye Gay and Fair,
When his laſt *Scenes* * ſhall open to your View
In perfect Luſtre great; when *Rome* ſhall mourn
The horrid Hate, which haſtes relentleſs on,
To ſtrike the Blow of Fate, and dreadful pour
Collected Vengeance on the *Roman* Name,
O then ye Fair! with ever-grateful Hearts,
Aſſert his Cauſe, as oft in mingling Crowds,
Ye nightly viſit, where with tragic Rage,
Refounds the vaulted Dome, while in your Eyes
Oft ſtarts the Tear, and down your roſy Cheeks,
Steals trickling, then aſſert the gen'rous Cauſe,
And with your Praiſes crown his parting Scenes.

* *Coriolanus*, a Tragedy written by Mr. *Thomſon*, which is expected to be acted this Seaſon.

Never did Envy, ſtain his noble Breaſt;
Far from his Boſom, fled th' infernal Fiend,
Nor durſt approach a Soul ſo great as his.
Sereneſt Virtue, on his ſmiling Brow,
Sat in her Charms, and with collected Grace,
Engag'd th' admiring Throng: He never knew
The idle Pomp of Life, nor meanly graſp'd
At pageant Greatneſs; nor with eager Eye,
Purſu'd the Glare of Wealth; his was a Taſk
Of nobler kind, while on his ſwelling Soul
Ruſh'd *Contemplation*, and Ethereal flew
Throughout the Spheres, and on his wond'ring Eyes,
Pour'd all her Viſions forth: But ſay ye few!
Who knew the Movements of his noble Mind,

And

And felt the glad'ning Beams of Friendſhip dart
From Soul to Soul, ye knew his Boſom breath'd
Benevolence to Man, he graſp'd his kind
In all the Tyes of Love: but O while round
The ſocial Bowl, ye quaff'd the mental Feaſt
With fond Endearment, and his Flow of Wit,
With Bliſs ecſtatic fill'd your raviſh'd Minds;
While he with Look benign, with winning Grace
And Tongue inſtructive open'd all his Stores
Of Treaſur'd Knowledge, and with rapid Flight,
Time wing'd her Way: — Can ye recount theſe
Scenes
Of boundleſs Pleaſure? — No — Remembrance
checks
The fond Relation, and o'er all your Souls

Extends a penſive Gloom. Ah whither fled
Theſe Hours of Bliſs? If in this Vale of Tears,
(Where mingling Horror gathers all her Storms
To blaſt the Scenes of Joy) aught can be called,
Ecſtatic Bliſs. Such, viſionary Life,
Are all thy ſhifting Scenes; now they unfold
Their varied Charms, and like the vernal Roſe,
Diffuſe their balmy Sweets, till ſtrait ſucceeds
The gelid Air, to nip their bloſſom'd Growth.
What art thou, Life! at beſt an airy Shew,
And like a Vapour which by Night condens'd
O'erclouds the Sky, till ſtrait the ſolar Ray
Pierces its tenuous Sides, then ſinks its Form
To infant Atoms; ſuch the Baſe of Life,
So fly the Phantoms of our fond Purſuit!

Scarce on our conſcious Heads has Nature pour'd
Exiſtence, and uprear'd the brittle Frame,
With her conducting Hand, till round ſhe ſows
The Seeds of Death, Diſeaſes unobſerved,
For ever mine the Citadel of Life,
Till one dread Blaſt diſſolves it into Duſt.

Where fled ye Viſions of enchanting Joy
With all your giddy Train? Where now the Hope
Which warm'd the Virgin's Breaſt, as in her Pride,
Of roſy Beauty oft ſhe turn'd the round
Of Paſtimes gay, and drunk th'enchanting Cup
Of madd'ning Pleaſure, while with conſcious Bluſh
She beam'd her Beauties round, and felt the Sweets
Of Love and Conqueſt kindling in her Soul;

Scarce has ſhe wav'd in all her gaudy Dreſs,
Or laviſh'd half her Charms, or view'd the Scene
Of youthful Frolic; ſcarce has Nature flush'd
Her blooming Cheek, or in her Boſom pour'd
The Throbs of Love, or on her ſhining Hair
Beſtow'd the Raven-hue, or built her Limbs
With fine Proportion; till behold the Breath
Of dread Affliction blaſts her roſy Youth;
Then drops the Veil o'er every ripening Charm;
Now fly her Viſions, with their airy Train
Of future Bliſs, with which her ſwelling Breaſt
Triumphant heav'd, now baffled Beauty weeps
And o'er her livid Face even Virtue drops
The elegiac Tear. So wither'd fall
The Sons of Pleaſure, who in flow'ry Youth

Look'd forward to enjoy a Length of Days.
Gay o'er the Stage of Time, they flutt'ring move,
Secure of Life, and plan the empty Dream
Of mimic Greatness; oft exults the Heart
O'er all the fancy'd Scene, while heedless they
Rush on the Snares of Woe, and instant Fate
Snatches her tender Prey. Now rising Hope
With all her Phantoms of expected Joy,
Shrinks into Air. Thus fleet the Days of Man,
While all the Din and glitt'ring Pomp of Life
Remain for ever hush'd in silent Sleep.
Nor want we here the elegiac Song,
To strew fresh Roses round the sacred Tomb,
Where Virtue weeps; here let the pensive Mind

Turn to the glowing Page, where Seasons roll
Around the varied Year, there view array'd
In Beauty's Grace, the ever *blooming Spring*,
Benevolent and mild; or all the Pomp
Which *sultry Summer* shews; or all the Stores
Which yellow *Autumn* pours; or *Winter* view,
With Storms and Torrents rushing o'er the Year.
These all are his. And while the *Spring* remains,
To paint the Vale, or rustling Harvest nods,
Or *Winter* glooms, or *Summer* glads the Earth,
These, these shall rear his monumental Stone
Beyond th' Attacks of Time. So could the Muse
O'erleap the Bounds of Sense, and wing her Flight

To

To yon effulgent Orbs, where dwell the Bleſs'd,
Array'd in lucid Robes, there might he view
The Muſes Sons with chearful Looks advance,
To hail the Partner of their deathleſs Joy.
See *Spencer* * deigns to point his mazy Way,
Thro' Manſions ever new; and *Milton*'s ſelf
Obſequious bending from his laurel'd Throne,
Now greets his nobleſt Son, and to the Choir
Of circling Angels, yields the heav'nly Gueſt;
Who lead him wond'ring thro' the radiant Spheres,
Loſt in the Maze of Thought high rais'd to him
Whoſe Hand creative, form'd the ſpacious Vaſt

* Mr. *Thomſon* being the beſt deſcriptive Poet in our Age has frequently own'd, that in this Reſpect he form'd his Taſte upon *Spencer*.

Of thousand Worlds, who bid our solar Year
Revolve, and Seasons steer their varied Course,
And moves, directs, and agitates the whole.

FINIS.

* Mr. Thomson being the best descriptive Poet in our Age has frequently own'd, that in this Respect he form'd his Taste upon Spenser.